THE A.L

BRIGHT STORY READERS

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

J. RUSKIN

No. 57

Grade 5

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RUSKIN'S
THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER
AND
SELECTIONS



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THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

AND

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS

OF

JOHN RUSKIN

Illustrations by G. W. Goss

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GLASGOW LEEDS BELFAST

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THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

OR

THE BLACK BROTHERS

CHAPTER I

HOW THE AGRICULTURAL SYSTEM OF THE BLACK BROTHERS WAS INTERFERED WITH BY SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE

IN a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighbourhood, the Golden River.

It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by prosperous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with over-hanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarrelled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them.

It would have been very odd, if, with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nick-name of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old; fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course,

agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honourable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece

of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind: there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-coloured; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long, silky eyelashes, his moustaches curled twice round like a cork-screw on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt colour, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four-feet-six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow-tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralysed by the singular



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appearance of the visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look at his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with his mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door: I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down behind his back like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his moustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir,—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire, and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savoury smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round

he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house, that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and spluttered, and began to look very black, and uncomfortable: never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman rather gruffly.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but—really, sir—you're—putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor drily.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behaviour of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone, that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen!" said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my grey hairs." They hung down on his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen——"

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew moustaches, and replied, with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If I ever catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang: and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind, and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had ju t sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double-bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor,

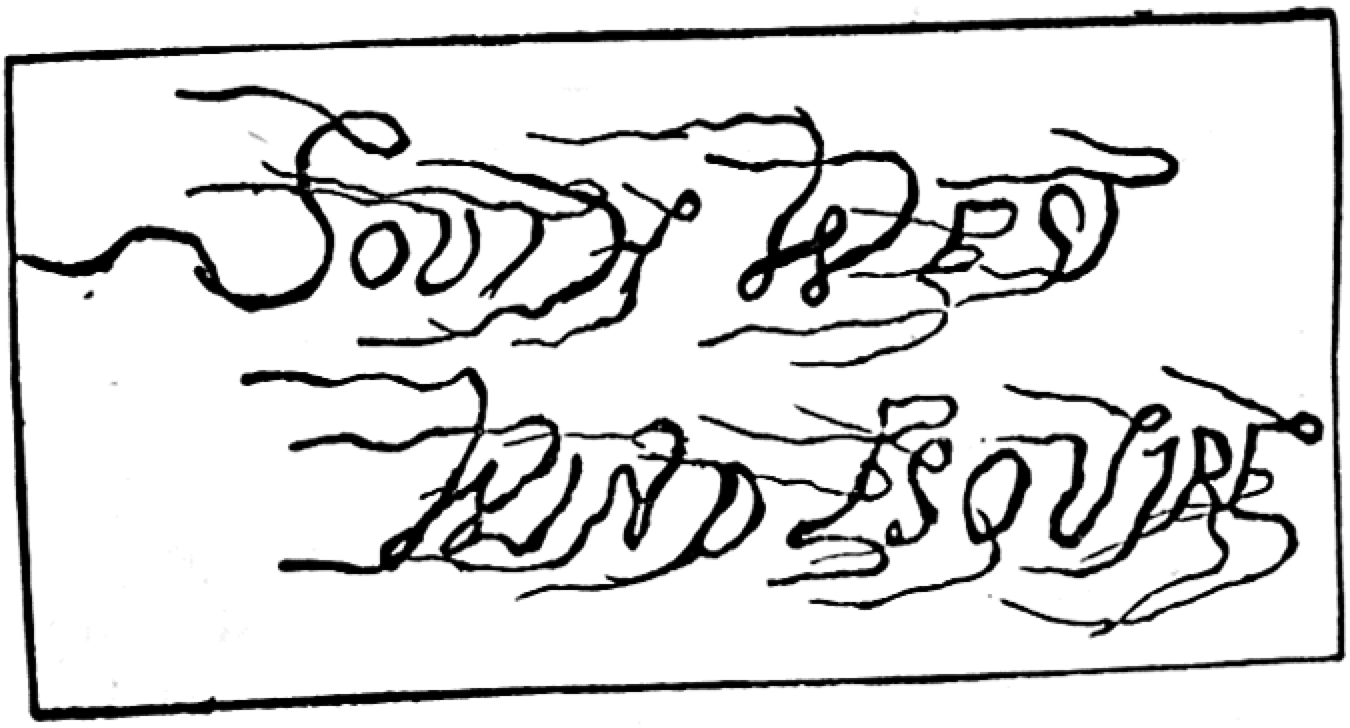
ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room: I've left the ceiling on, there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and grey mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:—



CHAPTER II

OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE THREE BROTHERS AFTER THE VISIT OF SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE; AND HOW LITTLE GLUCK HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

South-West Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the Wet Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without anyone finding out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next

door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water.

The mug was very odd to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred, that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house: leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure

Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice, close to his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round, and round, as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft, running, effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that

very room, coming in quicker time, and clearer notes, every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in: yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear, and pronunciative.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface was smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw, meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately, "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck a-kimbo, and

finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically, on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping, apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture, that the prismatic colours gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother of pearl; and, over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate, that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinaceous and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small, sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.



'Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement'—*Page* 21

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which, he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first,

can succeed in a second attempt; and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the centre of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling,—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

CHAPTER III

HOW MR. HANS SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN

The King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself.

Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which should try his fortune first, drew their

swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbours, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out at once for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and, as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out through the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and, advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any

one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale grey shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapour, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy colour along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River.

He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came

wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows, and lurid lights, played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveller; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and he had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rock, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon and the rays beat intensely upon the

steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment.

Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty; but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark grey cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no

coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hill-side, scarcely five hundred feet above him, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a grey-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged towards the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of red-blood light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs: he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE

CHAPTER IV

HOW MR. SCHWARTZ SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans' return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure that it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him.

The day was cloudless, but not bright: there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And, as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West; and, when he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz, "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist of the colour of blood had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you!*" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above, met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared into his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES

CHAPTER V

HOW LITTLE GLUCK SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN; WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest

and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff.

"My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst, give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but

a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale, pink, starry flowers, and soft, belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light, that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And, as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt;" and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully, that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.



"He poured all the water into the dog's mouth"—*Page 34*

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right;" for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

"Oh dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf, "they poured unholy water into my stream: do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colours of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colours grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the water descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains towards the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft in the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went, and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door: so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And, to this day, the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden

River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River, are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

THE BLACK BROTHERS

MODERN PAINTERS

[Volume I of the five volumes entitled "MODERN PAINTERS," issued by Ruskin between 1843 and 1860, first brought this great writer into notice. The chief object he had in view was to show that modern landscape painters (and especially Turner) were quite as good as, and in many cases better than, the older painters. In the various volumes he shows what are the true principles of Art, and in the last volume, especially, he gives descriptions of the beauties of Nature, as seen by a true artist, more full of imagination and fancy than had ever before been written, either in prose or verse. He also points out many of the marks and characteristics of that greatest of all Nature's works—a true gentleman.]

I—THE HAPPINESS TO BE FOUND IN LOVE OF NATURE

ALL real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him, since first he was made of the earth, as they are now; and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow, and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things that make man happy; they have always had the power of doing these, they never *will* have power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things; but upon iron, or glass, or electricity, or steam, in nowise.

And I am Utopian and enthusiastic enough to believe, that the time will come when the world will discover this. It has now made its experiments in every

possible direction but the right one: and it seems that it must, at last, try the right one, in a mathematical necessity.

It has tried fighting, and preaching, and fasting, buying and selling, pomp and parsimony, pride and humiliation—every possible manner of existence in which it could conjecture there was any happines or dignity: and all the while, as it bought, sold, and fought, and fasted, and wearied itself with policies, and ambitions, and self-denials, God had placed its real happiness in the keeping of the little mosses of the wayside, and of the clouds of the firmament. Now and then a wearied king, or a tormented slave, found out where the true kingdoms of the world were, and possessed himself, in a furrow or two of garden ground, of a truly infinite dominion. But the world would not believe their report, and went on trampling down the mosses, and forgetting the clouds, and seeking happiness in its own way, until, at last, blundering and late, came natural science; and in natural science not only the observation of things, but the finding out of new uses for them.

Of course the world, having a choice left to it, went wrong as usual, and thought that these mere material uses were to be the sources of its happiness. It got the clouds packed into iron cylinders, and made them carry its wise self at their own cloud pace. It got weavable fibres out of the mosses, and made clothes for itself, cheap and fine—here was happiness at last. To go as fast as the clouds, and manufacture everything out of anything—here was paradise, indeed!

And now, when, in a little while, it is unparadised again, if there were any other mistake that the world could make, it would of course make it. But I see not that there is any other; and, standing fairly at its wit's

end, having found that going fast, when it is used to it, is no more paradisaical than going slow; and that all the prints and cottons in Manchester cannot make it comfortable in its mind, I do verily believe it will come, finally, to understand that God paints the clouds and shapes the moss-fibres, that men may be happy in seeing Him at His work, and that in resting quietly beside Him, and watching His working, and—according to the power He has communicated to ourselves, and the guidance He grants—in carrying out His purposes of peace and charity among all His creatures, are the only real happiness that ever were, or will be, possible to mankind. —("Modern Painters," Vol. III, *On the Theory and History of Landscape Art.*)

II—LOWLAND SCENERY OF SWITZERLAND

I believe that it is not good for man to live among what is most beautiful;—that he is a creature incapable of satisfaction by anything upon earth; and that to allow him habitually to possess, in any kind whatsoever, the utmost that earth can give, is the surest way to cast them into lassitude or discontent.

If the most exquisite orchestral music could be continued without pause for a series of years, and children were brought up and educated in the room in which it was perpetually resounding, I believe their enjoyment of music, or understanding of it, would be very small. And an accurately parallel effect seems to be produced upon the powers of contemplation, by the redundant and ceaseless loveliness of the high mountain districts. The faculties are paralysed by the abundance, and cease, as we before noticed of the imagination, to be capable of excitement, except by other subjects of interest than

those which present themselves to the eye. So that it is in reality, better for mankind that the forms of their common landscape should offer no violent stimulus to the emotions—that the gentle upland, browned by the bending furrows of the plough, and the fresh sweep of the chalk down, and the narrow winding of the copse-clad dingle, should be more frequent scenes of human life than the Arcadias of cloud-capped mountain or luxuriant vale; and that, while humbler (though always infinite) sources of interest are given to each of us around the homes to which we are restrained for the greater part of our lives, these mightier and stranger glories should become the object of adventure,— at once the cynosures of the fancies of childhood, and themes of the happy memory, and the winter's tale of age.

Nor is it always that the inferiority is felt. For, so natural is it to the human heart to fix itself in hope rather than in present possession, and so subtle is the charm which the imagination casts over what is distant or denied, that there is often a more touching power in the scenes which contain far-away promise of something greater than themselves, than in those which exhaust the treasures and powers of Nature in an unconquerable and excellent glory, leaving nothing more to be by the fancy pictured, or pursued.

I do not know that there is a district in the world more calculated to illustrate this power of the expectant imagination, than that which surrounds the city of Fribourg, in Switzerland, extending from it towards Berne. It is of grey sandstone, considerably elevated, but presenting no object of striking interest to the passing traveller: so that, as it is generally seen in the course of a hasty journey from the Bernese Alps to those of Savoy, it is rarely regarded with any other sensation

than that of weariness, all the more painful because accompanied with reaction from the high excitement caused by the splendour of the Bernese Oberland.

The traveller, footsore, feverish, and satiated with glacier and precipice, lies back in the corner of the diligence, perceiving little more than that the road is winding and hilly, and the country through which it passes cultivated and tame. Let him, however, only do this tame journey the justice of staying in it a few days, until his mind has recovered its tone, and take one or two long walks through its fields, and he will have other thoughts of it.

It is, as I said, an undulating district of grey sandstone, never attaining any considerable height, but having enough of the mountain spirit to throw itself into continual succession of bold slope and dale; elevated, also, just far enough above the sea to render the pine a frequent forest tree along its irregular ridges. Through this elevated tract the river cuts its way in a ravine some five or six hundred feet in depth, which winds for leagues between the gentle hills, unthought of, until the edge is approached; and then, suddenly, through the boughs of the firs, the eye perceives, beneath, the green and gliding stream, and the broad walls of sandstone cliff that forms its banks, hollowed out where the river leans against them, at its turns, into perilous overhanging; and, on the other shore, at the same spots, leaving little breadths of meadow between them and the water, half overgrown with thicket, deserted in their sweetness, inaccessible from above, and rarely visited by any curious wanderers along the hardly traceable footpath which struggles for existence beneath the rocks. And there the river ripples, and eddies, and murmurs in utter solitude. It is passing through the midst of a

thickly peopled country; but never was a stream so lonely.

The feeblest and most far-away torrent among the high hills has its companions: the goats browse beside it; and the traveller drinks from it, and passes over it with his staff; and the peasant traces a new channel for it down to his mill-wheel. But this stream has no companions: it flows on in an infinite seclusion, not secret nor threatening, but a quietness of sweet daylight and open air—a broad space of tender and deep desolateness, drooped into repose out of the midst of human labour and life; the waves plashing lowly, with none to hear them; and the wild birds building in the boughs, with none to fray them away; and soft, fragrant herbs rising, and breathing, and fading, with no hand to gather them;—and yet all bright and bare to the clouds above, and to the fresh fall of the passing sunshine and pure rain.

But above the brows of those scarped cliffs, all is in an instant changed. A few steps only beyond the firs that stretch their branches, angular, and wild, and white, like forks of lightning, into the air of the ravine, and we are in an arable country of the most perfect richness. The swathes of corn, glowing and burning from field to field; pretty hamlets all vivid with fruitful orchards and flowery gardens, and goodly with steep-roofed store-house and barns. Well-kept, hard, park-like roads rising and falling from hillside to hillside, or disappearing among brown banks of moss, and thickets of the wild raspberry and rose; or gleaming through lines of tall trees, half glade, half avenue, where the gate opens, or the gateless path turns trustedly aside, unhindered, into the garden of some statelier house, surrounded in rural pride with golden hives, and carved granaries, and

irregular domain of latticed and espaliered cottages, gladdening to look upon in their delicate homeliness—delicate, yet, in some sort, rude; not like our English homes—trim, laborious, formal, irreproachable in comfort; but with a peculiar carelessness and largeness in all their detail, harmonizing with the outlawed loveliness of their country. For there is an untamed strength even in all that soft and habitable land. It is, indeed, gilded with corn and fragrant with deep grass, but it is not subdued to the plough or to the scythe. It gives at its own free will,—it seems to have nothing wrested from it nor conquered in it. It is not redeemed from desertness, but unrestrained in fruitfulness,—a generous land, bright with capricious plenty, and laughing from vale to vale in fitful fulness, kind and wild. Nor this without some sterner element mingled in the heart of it. For along all its ridges stand the dark masses of innumerable pines, taking no part in its gladness, asserting themselves for ever as fixed shadows, not to be pierced or banished, even in the intensest sunlight; fallen flakes and fragments of the night, stayed in their solemn squares in the midst of all the rosy bendings of the orchard boughs, and yellow effulgence of the harvest, and tracing themselves in black net-work and motionless fringes against the blanched blue of the horizon in its saintly clearness.

And yet they do not sadden the landscape, but seem to have been set there chiefly to show how bright everything else is round them; and all the clouds look of purer silver, and all the air seems filled with a whiter and more living sunshine, where they are pierced by the sable points of the pines; and all the pastures look of more glowing green, where they run up between the purple trunks; and the sweet field footpaths skirt the edges of the forest for the sake of its shade, sloping up and down

about the slippery roots, and losing themselves every now and then hopelessly among the violets, and ground ivy, and brown sheddings of the fibrous leaves; and, at last, plunging into some open aisle where the light, through the distant stems, shows that there is a chance of coming out again on the other side; and coming out, indeed, in a little while, from the scented darkness, into the dazzling air and marvellous landscape, that stretches still farther and farther in new wilfulnesses of grove and garden, until at last the craggy mountains of the Simmenthal rise out of it, sharp into the rolling of the southern clouds.

I believe, for general development of human intelligence and sensibility, country of this kind is about the most perfect that exists. A richer landscape, as that of Italy, enervates, or causes wantonness; a poorer contracts the conceptions, and hardens the temperament of both mind and body; and one more curiously or prominently beautiful deadens the sense of beauty. Even what is here of attractiveness,—far exceeding, as it does, that of the most of the thickly-peopled districts of the temperate zone,—seems to act harmfully on the poetical character of the Swiss; but take its inhabitants all in all, as with deep love and stern penetration they are painted in the works of their principal writer. Gotthelf, and I believe we shall not easily find a peasantry which would completely sustain comparison with them. —("Modern Painters," Vol. IV, *Of Mountain Beauty.*)

III—THE LAW OF HELP

The highest and first law of the universe—and the other name of life is "help." The other name of death is "separation." Government and co-operation are in all things and eternally the laws of life. Anarchy and competition, eternally, and in all things, the laws of death.

Perhaps the best, though the most familiar example we could take of the nature and power of consistence, will be that of the possible changes in the dust we tread on.

Exclusive of animal decay, we can hardly arrive at a more absolute type of impurity than the mud or slime of a damp, over-trodden path, in the outskirts of a manufacturing town. I do not say mud of the road, because that is mixed with animal refuse; but take merely an ounce or two of the blackest slime of a beaten path on a rainy day, near a large manufacturing town.

That slime we shall find in most cases composed of clay (or brick-dust, which is burnt clay) mixed with soot, a little sand, and water. All these elements are at helpless war with each other, and destroy reciprocally each other's nature and power, competing and fighting for place at every tread of your foot;—sand squeezing out clay, and clay squeezing out water, and soot meddling everywhere and defiling the whole. Let us suppose that this ounce of mud is left in perfect rest, and that its elements gather together, like to like, so that their atoms may get into the closest relations possible.

Let the clay begin. Ridding itself of all foreign substance, it gradually becomes a white earth, already very beautiful; and fit, with help of congealing fire, to be made into finest porcelain, and painted on, and be kept in kings' palaces. But such artificial consistence is not its best. Leave it still quiet to follow its own instinct of unity, and it becomes not only white, but clear; not only clear, but hard; not only clear and hard, but so set that it can deal with light in a wonderful way, and gather out of it the loveliest blue rays only, refusing the rest. We call it then a sapphire.

Such being the consummation of the clay, we give

similar permission of quiet to the sand. It also becomes, first, a white earth, then proceeds to grow clear and hard, and at last arranges itself in mysterious, infinitely fine, parallel lines, which have the power of reflecting not merely the blue rays, but the blue, green, purple, and red rays in the greatest beauty in which they can be seen through any hard material whatsoever. We call it then an opal.

In next order the soot sets to work; it cannot make itself white at first, but instead of being discouraged, tries harder and harder, and comes out clear at last, and the hardest thing in the world; and for the blackness that it had, obtains in exchange the power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once in the vividest blaze that any solid thing can shoot. We call it then a diamond.

Last of all the water purifies or unites itself, contented enough if it only reach the form of a dew-drop; but if we insist on its proceeding to a more perfect consistence, it crystallizes into the shape of a star.

And for the ounce of slime which we had by political economy of competition, we have, by political economy of co-operation, a sapphire, an opal, and a diamond, set in the midst of a star of snow.—("Modern Painters," Vol. V, *Of Ideas of Relation*—I *Of Invention Formal.*)

IV—GOOD BREEDING

Two great errors, colouring, or rather discolouring, severally, the minds of the higher and lower classes, have sown wide dissension, and wider misfortune, through the society of modern days. These errors are in our modes of interpreting the word "gentleman."

Its primal, literal, and perpetual meaning is "a man of pure race"; well-bred, in the sense that a horse or

dog is well bred. The so-called higher classes, being generally of purer race than the lower, have retained the true idea, and the convictions associated with it; but are afraid to speak it out, and equivocate about it in public; this equivocation mainly proceeding from their desire to connect another meaning with it, and a false one;—that of "a man living in idleness on other people's labour";—with which idea the term has nothing whatever to do.

The lower classes, denying vigorously, and with reason, the notion that a gentleman means an idler, and rightly feeling that the more any one works, the more of a gentleman he becomes, and is likely to become,—have nevertheless got little of the good they otherwise might, from the truth, because, with it, they wanted to hold a falsehood,—namely, that race was of no consequence. It being precisely of as much consequence in man as it is in any other animal.

The nation cannot truly prosper till both these errors are finally got quit of. Gentlemen have to learn that it is no part of their duty or privilege to live on other people's toil. They have to learn that there is no degradation in the hardest manual, or the humblest servile labour, when it is honest. But that there is degradation, and that deep, in extravagance, in bribery, in indolence, in pride, in taking places they are not fit for, or in coining places for which there is no need. It does not disgrace a gentleman to become an errand boy, or a day labourer; but it disgraces him much to become a knave or a thief. And knavery is not the less knavery because it involves large interests, nor theft the less theft because it is countenanced by usage, or accompanied by failure in undertaken duty. It is an incomparably less guilty form of robbery to cut a purse out of a man's pocket, than to

take it out of his hand on the understanding that you are to steer his ship up channel, when you do not know the soundings.

On the other hand, the lower orders, and all orders, have to learn that every vicious habit and chronic disease communicates itself by descent; and that by purity of birth the entire system of the human body and soul may be gradually elevated, or, by recklessness of birth, degraded; until there shall be as much difference between the well-bred and ill-bred human creature (whatever pains be taken with their education) as between a wolf-hound and the vilest mongrel cur. And the knowledge of this great fact ought to regulate the education of our youth, and the entire conduct of the nation.—(" Modern Painters," Vol. V, *Of Ideas of Relation*—II *Of Invention Spiritual.*)

V—THE TRUE GENTLEMAN

A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body, which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation; and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies—one may say, simply, "fineness of nature." This is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Elephantine strength may drive its way through a forest and feel no touch of the boughs; but the white skin of Homer's Atrides would have felt a bent rose-leaf, yet subdue its feelings in glow of battle, and behave itself like iron. I do not mean to call an elephant a vulgar animal; but if you think about him carefully, you will find that his non-vulgarity consists in such gentleness as is possible to

elephantine nature; not in his insensitive hide, nor in his clumsy foot; but in the way he will lift his foot if a child lies in his way; and in his sensitive trunk, and still more sensitive mind, and capability of pique on points of honour.

And, though rightness of moral conduct is ultimately the great purifier of race, the sign of nobleness is not in this rightness of moral conduct, but in sensitiveness. When the make of a creature is fine, its temptations are strong, as well as its perceptions; it is liable to all kinds of impressions from without in their most violent form; liable, therefore, to be abused and hurt by all kinds of rough things which would do a coarser creature little harm, and thus to fall into frightful wrong if its fate will have it so. Thus David, coming of gentlest as well as royalist race, of Ruth as well as of Judah, is sensitiveness through all flesh and spirit; not that his compassion will restrain him from murder when his terror urges him to it; nay, he is driven to the murder all the more by his sensitiveness to the shame which otherwise threatens him.

But when his own story is told him under a disguise, though only a lamb is now concerned, his passion about it leaves him no time for thought. "The man shall die"—note the reason—"because he had no pity." He is so eager and indignant that it never occurs to him as strange that Nathan hides the name. This is a true gentleman. A vulgar man would assuredly have been cautious, and asked, "who was it?"

Hence it will follow that one of the probable signs of high-breeding in men generally will be their kindness and mercifulness; these always indicating more or less fineness of make in the mind; and miserliness and the cruelty the contrary; hence, that of Isaiah, "The evil

person shall no more be called liberal, nor the churl said to be bountiful." But a thousand things may prevent this kindness from displaying or continuing itself; the mind of the man may be warped so as to bear mainly on his own interests, and then all his sensibilities will take the form of pride, or fastidiousness, or revengefulness; and other wicked, but not ungentlemanly tempers; or, farther, they may run into utter sensuality and covetousness, if he is bent on pleasure, accompanied with quite infinite cruelty when the pride is wounded or the passion thwarted;—until your gentleman becomes Ezzelin, and your lady the deadly Lucrece; yet still gentleman and lady, quite incapable of making anything else of themselves, being so born.

A truer sign of breeding than mere kindness is, therefore, sympathy;—a vulgar man may often be kind in a hard way, on principle, and because he thinks he ought to be; whereas, a highly-bred man, even when cruel, will be cruel in a softer way, understanding and feeling what he inflicts, and pitying his victim. Only we must carefully remember that the quantity of sympathy a gentleman feels can never be judged of by its outward expression, for another of his chief characteristics is apparent reserve. I say "apparent" reserve; for the sympathy is real, but the reserve not; a perfect gentleman is never reserved, but sweetly and entirely open, so far as it is good for others, or possible that he should be.

Self-command is often thought a characteristic of high-breeding; and to a certain extent it is so, at least it is one of the means of forming and strengthening character; but it is rather a way of imitating a gentleman than a characteristic of him; a true gentleman has no need of self-command; he simply feels rightly on all occasions; and desiring to express only so much of his

feeling as it is right to express, does not need to command himself. Hence, perfect ease is, indeed, characteristic of him; but perfect ease is inconsistent with self-restraint. Nevertheless, gentlemen, so far as they fail of their own ideal, need to command themselves, and do so; while, on the contrary, to feel unwisely, and to be unable to restrain the expression of the unwise feeling, is vulgarity; and yet even then, the vulgarity, at its root, is not in the mistimed expression, but in the unseemly feeling; and when we find fault with a vulgar person for "exposing himself," it is not his openness, but clumsiness, and yet more the want of sensibility to his own failure, which we blame; so that still the vulgarity resolves itself into want of sensibility. Also, it is to be noted that great powers of self-restraint may be attained by very vulgar persons when it suits their purposes.—("Modern Painters," Vol. V, *Of Ideas of Relation*—II *Of Invention Spiritual.*)

VI—SIGNS OF VULGARITY

Another great sign of vulgarity is also, when traced to its root, another phase of insensibility, namely, the undue regard to appearances and manners, as in the households of vulgar persons, of all stations, and the assumption of behaviour, language, or dress unsuited to them by persons in inferior stations of life. I say "undue" regard to appearances, because in the undueness consists, of course, the vulgarity. It is due and wise in some sort to care for appearances, in another sort undue and unwise. Wherein lies the difference?

At first one is apt to answer quickly: the vulgarity is simply in pretending to be what you are not. But that answer will not stand. A queen may dress like a

waiting maid,—perhaps succeed, if she chooses, in passing for one; but she will not, therefore, be vulgar; nay, a waiting-maid may dress like a queen, and pretend to be one, and yet need not be vulgar, unless there is inherent vulgarity in her. In Scribe's very absurd but very amusing "Queen for a Day," a milliner's girl sustains the part of a queen for a day. She several times amazes and disgusts her courtiers by her straightforwardness; and once or twice very nearly betrays herself to her maids-of-honour by an unqueenly knowledge of sewing; but she is not in the least vulgar, for she is sensitive, simple, and generous, and a queen could be no more.

Is the vulgarity, then, only in trying to play a part you cannot play, so as to be continually detected? No; a bad amateur actor may be continually detected in his part, but yet continually detected to be a gentleman: a vulgar regard to appearances has nothing in it necessarily of hypocrisy. You shall know a man not to be a gentleman by the perfect and neat pronunciation of his words: but he does not pretend to pronounce accurately; he does pronounce accurately, the vulgarity is in the real (not assumed) scrupulousness.

It will be found on further thought, that a vulgar regard for appearances is, primarily, a selfish one, resulting not out of a wish to give pleasure (as a wife's wish to make herself beautiful for her husband), but out of an endeavour to mortify others, or attract for pride's sake;—the common "keeping up appearances" of society, being a mere selfish struggle of the vain with the vain. But the deepest stain of the vulgarity depends on this being done, not selfishly only, but stupidly, without understanding the impression which is really produced, nor the relations of importance between ourselves and others, so as to suppose that their attention is fixed upon us,

when we are in reality ciphers in their eyes—all of which comes of insensibility. Hence, pride simple is not vulgar (the looking down on others because of their true inferiority to us), nor vanity simple (the desire of praise), but conceit simple (the attribution to ourselves of qualities we have not), is always so. In cases of over-studied pronunciation, etc., there is insensibility, first, in the person's thinking more of himself than of what he is saying; and, secondly, in his not having musical fineness of ear enough to feel that his talking is uneasy and strained.

Finally, vulgarity is indicated by coarseness of language or manners, only so far as this coarseness has been contracted under circumstances not necessarily producing it. The illiterateness of a Spanish or Calabrian peasant is not vulgar, because they had never an opportunity of acquiring letters; but the illiterateness of an English school-boy is. So again, provincial dialect is not vulgar; but cockney dialect, the corruption, by blunted sense, of a finer language continually heard, is so in a deep degree; and again, of this corrupted dialect, that is the worst which consists, not in the direct or expressive alteration of the form of a word, but in an unmusical destruction of it by dead utterance and bad or swollen formation of lips. There is no vulgarity in—

> "*Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,*
> *Blythe was she, but and ben,*
> *And weel she liked a Hawick gill,*
> *And leugh to see a tappit hen;*

but much in Mrs. Gamp's inarticulate "bottle on the chumleypiece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged."

So also of personal defects, those only are vulgar which imply insensibility or dissipation.

There is no vulgarity in the emaciation of Don Quixote, the deformity of the Black Dwarf, or the corpulence of Falstaff; but much in the same personal characters, as they are seen in Uriah Heap, Quilp, and Chadband.

All the different impressions connected with negligence or foulness depend, in like manner, on the degree of insensibility implied. Disorder in a drawing-room is vulgar, in an antiquary's study, not; the black battle-stain on a soldier's face is not vulgar, but the dirty face of the house-maid is.

And lastly, courage, so far as it is a sign of race, is peculiarly the mark of a gentleman or lady: but it becomes vulgar if rude or insensitive, while timidity is not vulgar, if it be a characteristic of race or fineness of make. A fawn is not vulgar in being timid, nor is a crocodile "gentle" because courageous.

Without following the inquiry into further detail, we may conclude that vulgarity consists of a deadness of the heart and body, resulting from prolonged, and especially from inherited conditions of "degeneracy" or literally "unracing"—gentlemanliness, being another word for an intense humanity. And vulgarity shows itself primarily in dulness of heart, not in rage or cruelty, but in inability to feel or conceive noble character or emotion. This is its essential, pure, and most fatal form. Dulness of bodily sense and general stupidity, with such forms of crime as peculiarly issue from stupidity, are its material manifestation.—("Modern Painters," Vol. V, *Of Ideas of Relation*—II *Of Invention Spiritual.*)

VII—FALSEHOOD

Cunning signifies especially a habit or gift of overreaching, accompanied with enjoyment and a sense of superiority. It is associated with small and dull conceit, and with an absolute want of sympathy or affection. Its essential connection with vulgarity may be at once exemplified by the expression of the butcher's dog in Landseer's "Low Life." Cruickshank's "Noah Claypole," in the illustrations to "Oliver Twist," in the interview with the Jew, is, however, still more characteristic. It is the intensest rendering of vulgarity absolute and utter with which I am acquainted.

The truthfulness which is opposed to cunning ought, perhaps, rather to be called the desire of truthfulness; it consists more in unwillingness to deceive than in not deceiving,—an unwillingness implying sympathy with and respect for the person deceived; and a fond observance of truth up to the possible point, as in a good soldier's mode of retaining his honour through a "ruse-de-guerre."

A cunning person seeks for opportunities to deceive; a gentleman shuns them. A cunning person triumphs in deceiving; a gentleman is humiliated by his success, or at least by so much of the success as is dependent merely on the falsehood, and not on his intellectual superiority.

The absolute disdain of all lying belongs rather to Christian chivalry than to mere high-breeding; and this is especially to be insisted on in the early education of young people. It should be pointed out to them with continual earnestness that the essence of lying is in deception, not in words; a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance

of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence; and all these kinds of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded; so that no form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived, because the deception was by gesture of silence, instead of utterance; and, finally, according to Tennyson's deep and trenchant line, "A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies."—("Modern Painters," Vol. V, *Of Ideas of Relation*—II *Of Invention Spiritual.*)

VIII—MOSSES

Lichen, and mosses (though these last in their luxuriance are deep and rich as herbage, yet both for the most part humblest of the green things that live),—how of these? Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honour the scarred disgrace of ruin,—laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green,—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the Rock Spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass,—the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace? They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And, as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last

gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and grey lichen take up their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honoured of the earth-children. Unfading, as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the Autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing Spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and Summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold,—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest, star-like, on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.—("Modern Painters," Vol. V, *Of Leaf Beauty.*)

IX—THE LEAF MONUMENTS

We men, sometimes, in what we presume to be humility, compare ourselves with leaves; but we have as yet no right to do so. The leaves may well scorn the comparison. We, who live for ourselves, and neither know how to use nor keep the work of past time, may humbly learn,—as from the ant, fore-sight,—from the leaf, reverence. The power of every great people, as of every living tree, depends on its not effacing, but con-

firming and concluding, the labours of its ancestors. Looking back to the history of nations, we may date the beginning of their decline from the moment when they ceased to be reverent in heart, and accumulative in hand and brain; from the moment when the redundant fruit of age hid in them the hollowness of heart, whence the simplicities of custom and sinews of tradition had withered away. Had men but guarded the righteous laws, and protected the precious works of their fathers, with half the industry they have given to change and to ravage, they would not now have been seeking vainly, in millennial visions and mechanic servitudes, the accomplishment of the promise made to them so long ago: "As the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands. They shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them."—("Modern Painters," Vol. V, *Of Leaf Beauty.*)

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE

[In THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE (first volume of which was published in 1851 and the second in 1853) Ruskin shows what are the *seven* guiding principles which have influenced man, both as craftsman and as a moral agent. In other words, he indicates the principles which enable a designer and a builder to show, by the work of his hands, what are the feelings of his mind. He traces the conditions of such work, and the effect on the workman, in the Middle Ages (when so many magnificent cathedrals, abbeys, and castles were built), and their application and development in the present day, considering man as a worker and as a member of society.]

I—THE LAMP OF TRUTH

The Guilt and Harm of Amiable and Well Meant Lying

WE are too much in the habit of looking at falsehood in its darkest associations, and through the colour of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess

to feel at deceit absolute, is indeed only at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery, because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it; turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it. And yet it is not calumny nor treachery that do the largest sum of mischief in the world; they are continually crushed, and are felt only in being conquered. But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie; the amiable fallacy; the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partisan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that cast black mystery over humanity, through which we thank any man who pierces, as we would thank one who dug a well in a desert; happy, that the thirst for truth still remains with us, even when we have wilfully left the fountains of it.

It would be well if moralists less frequently confused the greatness of a sin with its unpardonableness. The two characters are altogether distinct. The greatness of a fault depends partly on the nature of the person against whom it is committed, partly upon the extent of its consequences. Its pardonableness depends, humanly speaking, on the degree of temptation to it. One class of circumstances determines the weight of the attaching punishment; the other, the claim to remission of punishment; and since it is not always easy for men to estimate the relative weight, nor always possible for them to know the relative consequences, of crime, it is usually wise in them to quit the care of such nice measurements, and to look to the other and clearer condition of culpability, esteeming those faults worst which are committed under least temptation. I do not mean to diminish the blame

of the injurious and malicious sin, of the selfish and deliberate falsity; yet it seems to me, that the shortest way to check the darker forms of deceit is to set watch more scrupulous against those which have mingled, unregarded and unchastised, with the current of our life. Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside: they may be light and accidental; but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit for all that; and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without overcare as to which is largest or blackest. Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit.

To speak and act truth with constancy and precision is nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation or penalty; and it is a strange thought how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold to it at the cost of fortune or life, for one who would hold to it at the cost of a little daily trouble. And seeing that of all sin there is, perhaps, no one more flatly opposite to the Almighty, no one more "wanting the good of virtue and of being" than this of lying, it is surely a strange insolence to fall into the foulness of it on light or on no temptation, and surely becoming an honourable man to resolve, that, whatever semblances or fallacies the necessary course of his life may compel him to bear or to believe, none shall disturb the serenity of his voluntary actions, nor diminish the reality of his chosen delights.

II—THE LAMP OF LIFE

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" and no other might.

We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. It does not become our immortality to take an ease inconsistent with its authority, nor to suffer any instruments with which it can dispense, to come between it and the things it rules: and he who would form the creations of his own mind by any other instrument than his own hand, would also, if he might, give grinding organs to Heaven's angels, to make their music easier. There is dreaming enough, and earthiness enough, and sensuality enough in human existence, without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism; and since our life must at the best be but a vapour that appears for a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of Heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the Furnace, and rolling of the Wheel.

III—THE LAMP OF MEMORY

The Forest of Jura

Among the hours of his life to which the writer looks back with peculiar gratitude, as having been marked by more than ordinary fulness of joy or clearness of teaching,

is one passed, now some years ago, near time of sunset, among the broken masses of pine forest which skirt the course of the Ain, above the village of Champagnole, in the Jura. It is a spot which has all the solemnity, with none of the savageness, of the Alps; where there is a sense of a great power beginning to be manifested in the earth, and of a deep and majestic concord in the rise of the long, low lines of piny hills; the first utterance of those mighty mountain symphonies, soon to be more loudly lifted and wildly broken along the battlements of the Alps. But their strength is as yet restrained; and the far-reaching ridges of pastoral mountain succeed each other, like the long and sighing swell which moves over quiet waters from some far-off stormy sea. And there is a deep tenderness pervading that vast monotony.

The destructive forces and the stern expression of the central ranges are alike withdrawn. No frost-ploughed, dust-encumbered paths of ancient glacier fret the soft Jura pastures; no splintered heaps of ruin break the fair ranks of her forests; no pale, defiled, or furious rivers rend their rude and changeful ways among her rocks.

Patiently, eddy by eddy, the clear green streams wind along their well-known beds; and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like among all the blessings of the earth. It was Spring-time, too; and all were coming forth in clusters crowded for very love; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer each other. There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing every now and then into nebulæ; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the Mois de Marie, the dark

vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges—ivy as light and lovely as the vine; and, ever and anon, a blue gush of violets, and cowslip bells in sunny places; and in the more open ground, the vetch and comfrey, and mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the *Polygala Alpina*, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-coloured moss.

I came out presently on the edge of the ravine; the solemn murmur of its waters rose suddenly from beneath, mixed with the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs; and, on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by grey cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with his wings, and with the shadows of the pines flickering upon his plumage from above; but with a fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam-globes moving with him as he flew.

It would be difficult to conceive a scene less dependent upon any other interest than that of its own secluded and serious beauty; but the writer well remembers the sudden blankness and chill which were cast upon it when he endeavoured, in order more strictly to arrive at the sources of its impressiveness, to imagine it, for a moment, a scene in some aboriginal forest of the New Continent. The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent upon a life which was not theirs, how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually renewed, creation is

reflected from things more precious in their memories than it, in its renewing. Those ever-springing flowers and ever-flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colours of human endurance, valour, and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their far shadows fell eastward over the iron wall of Joux, and the four-square keep of Granson.

IV—THE LAMP OF MEMORY (*contd.*)

Sanctity of the Home

There is a sanctity in a good man's house which cannot be renewed in every tenement that rises on its ruins: and I believe that good men would generally feel this; and that, having spent their lives happily and honourably, they would be grieved, at the close of them, to think that the place of their earthly abode, which had seen, and seemed almost to sympathize in, all their honour, their gladness, or their suffering,—that this, with all the record it bear of them, and all of material things that they had loved and ruled over, and set the stamp of themselves upon—was to be swept away, as soon as there was room made for them in the grave; that no respect was to be shown to it, no affection felt for it, no good to be drawn from it by their children; that though there was a monument in the church, there was no warm monument in the hearth and house to them; that all that they ever treasured was despised, and the places that had sheltered and comforted them were dragged down to the dust. I say that a good man would fear this; and that, far more, a good son, a noble descendant, would fear doing it to his father's house.

I say that if men lived like men indeed, their houses

would be temples—temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live; and there must be a strange dissolution of natural affection, a strange unthankfulness for all that homes have given and parents taught, a strange consciousness that we have been unfaithful to our father's honour, or that our own lives are not such as would make our dwellings sacred to our children, when each man would fain build to himself, and build for the little revolution of his own life only. And I look upon those pitiful concretions of lime and clay which spring up, in mildewed forwardness, out of the kneaded fields about our capital—upon those thin, tottering, foundationless shells of splintered wood and imitated stone—upon those gloomy rows of formalized minuteness, alike without difference and without fellowship, as solitary as similar—not merely with the careless disgust of an offended eye, not merely with sorrow for a desecrated landscape, but with a painful foreboding that the roots of our national greatness must be deeply cankered when they are thus loosely struck in their native ground; that those comfortless and unhonoured dwellings are the signs of a great and spreading spirit of popular discontent; that they mark the time when every man's aim is to be in some more elevated sphere than his natural one, and every man's past life is his habitual scorn; when men build in the hope of leaving the places they have built, and live in the hope of forgetting the years that they have lived; when the comfort, the peace, the religion of home have ceased to be felt; and the crowded tenements of a struggling and restless population differ only from the tents of the Arab or the Gipsy by their less healthy openness to the air of heaven, and less happy choice of their spot of earth; by their sacrifice of liberty without

the gain of rest, and of stability without the luxury of change.

V—THE LAMP OF MEMORY (*contd.*)

Self-Denial for the Sake of Future Generations

The benevolent regards and purposes of men in masses seldom can be supposed to extend beyond their own generation. They may look to posterity as an audience, may hope for its attention, and labour for its praise; they may trust to its recognition of unacknowledged spirit, and demand its justice for contemporary wrong. But all this is mere selfishness, and does not involve the slightest regard to, or consideration of, the interest of those by whose numbers we would fain swell the circle of our flatterers, and by whose authority we would gladly support our presently disputed claims. The idea of self-denial for the sake of posterity, of practising present economy for the sake of debtors yet unborn, of planting forests that our descendants may live under their shade, or of raising cities for future nations to inhabit, never, I suppose, efficiently takes place among publicly recognized motives of exertion. Yet these are not the less our duties; nor is our part fitly sustained upon the earth, unless the range of our intended and deliberate usefulness include, not only the companions but the successors of our pilgrimage. God has lent us the earth for our life; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right, by anything that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath. And this the more, because it is one of the appointed conditions of the labour of men that, in the proportion to the

time between the seed-sowing and the harvest, is the fulness of the fruit; and that generally therefore, the farther off we place our aim, and the less we desire to be ourselves the witnesses of what we have laboured for, the more wide and rich will be the measure of our success. Men cannot benefit those that are with them as they can those who come after them; and of all the pulpits from which human voice is ever sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave.

Nor is there, indeed, any present loss, in such respect, for futurity. Every human action gains in honour, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that, above all other attributes, separate man from man, and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art, whose majesty we may not measure by this test. Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build for ever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labours and wrought substance of them, "See! this our fathers did for us." For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in the stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against man, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties,

and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations; it is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and colour, and preciousness of architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been entrusted with the fame and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess, of language and of life.

VI—THE LAMP OF OBEDIENCE

The Law of Liberty

The principle to which Polity owes its stability, Life its happiness, Faith its acceptance, Creation its continuance, is Obedience.

Nor is it the least among the sources of more serious satisfaction which I have found in the pursuit of a subject that at first appeared to bear but slightly on the grave interests of mankind, that the conditions of material perfection which it leads me in conclusion to consider, furnish a strange proof how false is the conception, how frantic the pursuit, of that treacherous phantom which men call Liberty: most treacherous, indeed, of all phantoms; for the feeblest ray of reason might surely show us, that not only its attainment, but its being, was impossible. There is no such thing in the universe. There never can be. The stars have it not; the earth has it not; the sea has it not; and we men have the mockery

and semblance of it only for our heaviest punishment.

In one of the noblest poems for its imagery and its music belonging to the recent school of our literature, the writer has sought in the aspect of inanimate nature the expression of that Liberty which, having once loved, he had seen among men in its true dyes of darkness (*see p.* 71). But with what strange fallacy of interpretation! since in one noble line of his invocation he has contradicted the assumptions of the rest, and acknowledged the presence of a subjection, surely not less severe because eternal. How could he otherwise? since, if there be any one principle more widely than another confessed by every utterance, or more sternly than another imprinted on every atom, of the visible creation, that principle is not Liberty, but Law.

The enthusiast would reply that by Liberty he meant the Law of Liberty. Then why use the single and misunderstood word? If by liberty you mean chastisement of the passions, discipline of the intellect, subjection of the will; if you mean the fear of inflicting, the shame of committing, a wrong; if you mean respect for all who are in authority, and consideration for all who are in dependence; veneration for the good, mercy to the evil, sympathy with the weak; if you mean watchfulness over all thoughts, temperance in all pleasures, and perseverance in all toils; if you mean, in a word, that Service which is defined in the Liturgy of the English Church to be perfect Freedom, why do you name this by the same word by which the luxurious mean license, and the reckless mean change; by which the rogue means rapine, and the fool, equality; by which the proud mean anarchy, and the malignant mean violence? Call it by any name rather than this, but its best and truest is Obedience. Obedience is, indeed, founded on a kind of

freedom, else it would become mere subjugation, but that freedom is only granted that obedience may be more perfect.

Compare a river that has burst its banks with one that is bound by them, and the clouds that are scattered over the face of the whole heaven with those that are marshalled into ranks and orders by its winds. So that though restraint, utter and unrelaxing, can never be comely, this is not because it is in itself an evil, but only because, when too great, it overpowers the nature of the thing restrained, and so counteracts the other laws of which that nature is itself composed.

ODE TO FRANCE

"Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-birds singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!
And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, whereso'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty."—S. T. COLERIDGE

(*Born* 1772, *died* 1834)

SESAME AND LILIES

[The two lectures which Ruskin published in 1865 under the title of SESAME AND LILIES, were addressed to audiences in Manchester at the close of the year 1864. The first of these lectures was entitled *Of Kings' Treasures,* and treats of good literature and its influence on the lives of men—"of the treasures hidden in books, about the way we find them and the way we lose them; . . . . of How and What to Read." The second lecture, *Of Queens' Gardens,* treats of the influence of educated women "arising out of noble education, [that] may rightly be possessed by [them]; and how far they also are called to a true queenly power, not in their household merely, but over all within their sphere."]

ON BOOKS

ALL books are divisible into two classes: the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther. The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones,—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not

books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered.

The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast-time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a plaee, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read."

A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere conveyance of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on a rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me;

for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing"; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written? But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those are the book. Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men:—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow?

Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings, or flatter yourself that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect, that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for entrée here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish;

from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

"The place you desire" and the place you fit yourself for, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain there is but brief question:—"Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognize our presence."

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is—that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of

that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at his meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first.

And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once;—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parable, in order that he may be sure you want it.

I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward; and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures of the earth, nobody knows where; you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would?

Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?"

The metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and the most patient fusing before you can gather one grain of metal.

You must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. The study of books is called "literature," and a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words. You might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages—may not be able to speak any but his own—may have read very few books; but whatever language he knows, he knows precisely.

An uneducated person may know by memory any number of languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to

speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person: so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing for ever. And this is right; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. It is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile in the House of Commons; but it is wrong that a false English meaning should *not* excite a frown there. Let the accent of words be watched by all means; but let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words well chosen and well distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes.

There are masked words skulking about us in Europe which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this or that, or the other, of things dear to them: for such words wear chameleon cloaks—"ground-lion" cloaks, of the colour of the ground of any man's fancy: on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There never were creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words; they are the unjust stewards of all men's ideas: whatever fancy or favourite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favourite masked word to take care of for him; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him—you cannot get at him

but by its ministry. And in languages so mongrel in breed as the English, there is a fatal power of equivocation put into men's hands, almost whether they will or no, in being able to use Greek or Latin forms for a word when they want it to be respectable; and Saxon or otherwise common forms when they want to discredit it. What a singular and salutary effect, for instance, would be produced on the minds of people who are in the habit of taking the Form of the words they live by, for the Power of which those words tell them, if we always either retained, or refused, the Greek form "biblos," or "biblion," as the right expression for "book"—instead of employing it only in the one instance in which we wish to give dignity to the idea, and translating it everywhere else. How wholesome it would be for many simple persons who worship the letter of God's Word instead of its Spirit (just as other idolaters worship His picture instead of His presence), if, in such places (for instance) as Acts xix. 19, we retained the Greek expression, instead of translating it, and they had to read—"Many of them also which used curious arts, brought their bibles together, and burnt them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver"! Or if, on the other hand, we translated instead of retaining it, and always spoke of "the Holy Book," instead of "Holy Bible," it might come into more heads than it does at present, that the Word of God, by which the heavens were of old, and by which they are now kept in store, cannot be made a present of to anybody in morocco binding; nor sown on any wayside by help either of steam plough or steam press; but is nevertheless being offered to us daily, and by us with contumely refused; and sown in us daily, and by us as instantly as may be, choked.

Now, in order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language—of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek (not to speak of eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these; that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last: undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation; but retaining a deep vital meaning, which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it; young or old—girl or boy—whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Müller's lectures thoroughly, to begin with; and, after that, never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character, in power and precision will be quite incalculable.

Mind, this does not imply knowing, or trying to know, Greek, or Latin, or French. It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. But you can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear.

You will not be able, I tell you again, for many and many a day, to come at the real purposes and teaching of great men; but a very little honest study of them will enable you to perceive that what you took for your own "judgment" was mere chance prejudice, and drifted, helpless, entangled weed of castaway thought;

nay, you will see that most men's minds are indeed little better than rough heath wilderness, neglected and stubborn, partly barren, partly overgrown with pestilent brakes and venomous, wind-sown herbage of evil surmise.

The first thing you have to do for them, and yourself, is eagerly and scornfully to set fire to *this*; burn all the jungle into wholesome ash-heaps, and then plough and sow.

All the true literary work before you, for life, must begin with obedience to that order, "Break up your fallow ground, and *sow not among thorns*."

Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make—you have to enter into their Hearts.

My friends, I do not know why any of us should talk about reading. We want some sharper discipline than that of reading; but happily, our disease is, as yet, little worse than incapacity of thought; it is not corruption of the inner nature.

We ring true still, when anything strikes home to us; and though the idea that everything should "pay" has infected our every purpose so deeply, that even when we would play the good Samaritan, we never take out our two pence and give them to the host, without saying, "When I come again, thou shalt give me four pence," there is a capacity of noble passion left in our hearts' core.

We show it in our work—in our war—even in those unjust domestic affections which make us furious at a small private wrong, while we are polite to a boundless public one: we are still industrious to the last hour of the day, though we add the gambler's fury to the labourer's patience. We are still brave to the death,

though incapable of discerning true cause for battle, and are still true in affection to our own flesh, to the death, as the sea-monsters are, and the rock-eagles.

And there is hope for a nation while this can be still said of it. As long as it holds its life in its hand, ready to give it for its honour, for its love, and for its business, there is hope for it.

It must discipline its passions, and direct them, or they will discipline it, one day, with scorpion whips. Above all, a nation cannot last as a money-making mob: it cannot with impunity—it cannot with existence—go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on Pence. Do you think these are harsh or wild words? Have patience with me but a little longer.

I say we have despised literature. What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses?

If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad—a bibliomaniac. But you never call anyone a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books.

Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine-cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take, as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating?

We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body: now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet

how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it!

Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, those libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than most men's dinners are.

We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading, it is worth buying.

No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armoury, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!

Nevertheless, I hope it will not be long before royal or national libraries will be founded in every considerable city, with a royal series of books in them; the same series in every one of them, chosen books, the best in every kind, prepared for that national series in the most perfect way possible; their text printed all on leaves of

equal size, broad of margin, and divided into pleasant volumes, light in the hand, beautiful, and strong, and thorough as examples of binders' work; and that these great libraries will be accessible to all clean and orderly persons at all times of the day and evening; strict law being enforced for this cleanliness and quietness.

I could shape for you other plans, for art galleries, and for natural history galleries, and for many precious, many, it seems to me, needful, things; but this book plan is the easiest and needfullest, and would prove a considerable tonic to what we call our British Constitution. Try, if you cannot get corn laws established for it, dealing in a better bread—bread made of that old enchanted Arabian grain, the Sesame, which opens doors—doors, not of robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries.

Friends, the treasuries of true Kings are the streets of their cities; and the gold they gather, which for others is as the mire of the streets, changes itself, for them and their people, into a crystalline pavement for evermore.

PRONUNCIATIONS

a as in man
ā as in mate
ȧ as in farther
e as in met

ē as in me
ĕ as in her
i as in pin
ī as in pine
o as in not

ō as in no
oo as in moon
u as in fun
ū as in pure
ñ as in nasal

Ain—*ȧn*
Atrides—*a-trī'-dēz*
Bernese—*bĕr'-nees*
Champagnole—*shoñ-pan-yōl'*
Cicadas—*si-kā'-daz*
Don Quixote—*don kwix'-ōt*
Elysian—*e-liz'-i-an*
Espaliered—*es-pal'-yĕrd*

Ezzelin—*ets'-ĕ-lin*
Faubourg—*fō-boor'*
Fribourg—*frī'-boorg*
Gentians—*jen'-shan*
Gluck—*glook*
Granson—*groñ-sōñ*
Joux—*zhoo*
Jura—*zhoo'-ra*

Lichens—*lī'-kĕnz*
Lucrece—*loo-krees'*
Mois—*moo-aw'*
Nebulae—*neb'-ū-lē*
Portières—*pōr-tyār'*
Shwartz—*shvȧrtz*
Sesame—*Ses'-a-mē*
Simmenthal—*zim-men-tȧl'*

REMEMBRANCE

I ought to be joyful; the jest and the song
And the light tones of music resound through the throng;
But its cadence falls dully and dead on my ear,
And the laughter I mimic is quenched in a tear.

For here are no longer, to bid me rejoice,
The light of thy smile, or the tone of thy voice,
And, gay though the crowd that's around me may be,
I am alone, Adèle, parted from thee.

Alone, said I, dearest! Oh, never we part—
For ever, for ever, thou'rt here in my heart;
Sleeping or walking, where'er I may be,
I have but one thought, and that thought is of thee.

When the planets roll red through the darkness of night,
When the morning bedews all the landscape with light,
When the high sun of noon-day is warm on the hill,
And the breezes are quiet, and the green leafage still;

I love to look out o'er the earth and the sky,
For Nature is kind, and seems lonely as I;
Whatever in Nature most lovely I see,
Has a voice that recalls the remembrance of thee.

Remember,—Remember:—those only can know
How dear is remembrance, whose hope is laid low;
'Tis like clouds in the west, that are gorgeous still,
When the dark dews of evening fall deadly and chill;

Like the bow in the cloud that is painted so bright,—
Like the voice of the nightingale, heard through the night,
Oh! sweet is remembrance, most sad though it be,
For remembrance is all that remaineth for me.

THE OLD WATER-WHEEL

It lies beside the river, where its marge
Is black with many an old and oarless barge,
And yeasty filth, and leafage, wild and rank,
Stagnate and batten by the crumbling bank.

Once, slow revolving by the industrious mill,
It murmured, only on the Sabbath still;
And evening winds its pulse-like beating bore
Down the soft vale, and by the winding shore.

Sparkling around its orbèd motion flew,
With quick, fresh fall, the drops of dashing dew;
Through noontide heat that gentle rain was flung,
And verdant round the summer herbage sprung.

Now dancing light and sounding motion cease,
In these dark hours of cold, continual peace;
Through its black bars the unbroken moonlight flows
And dry winds howl about its long repose;

And mouldering lichens creep, and mosses grey
Cling round its arms, in gradual decay,
Amidst the hum of men—which doth not suit
That shadowy circle, motionless and mute.

So, by the sleep of many a human heart,
The crowd of men may bear their busy part,
Where withered, or forgotten, or subdued,
Its noisy passions have left solitude.

Ah! little can they trace the hidden truth!
What waves have moved it in the vale of youth!
And little can its broken cords avow
How once they sounded. All is silent now.

NOTES

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

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5 **Styria** (sometimes spelt Stiria) a Duchy in Austria, having Hungary on the east, Upper Austria on the north, and Carinthia on the south. Its chief river is the Mur, a tributary of the Drave, which latter runs into the Danube. Its present capital is Gratz. The whole surface is mountainous, being covered by branches of the Alps. The inhabitants are Germans and speak the German language.

Drought, continued absence of rain.

6 **Schwartz, Hans, Gluck.** These are three well-known German names. *Schwartz*= black man, *Hans*=John, and *Gluck*= Good Luck.

Cicada, an insect very much like a grasshopper, and remarkable for the chirping sound which it makes.

Mass, the most important of the religious services in the Roman Catholic Church, to which the Lord's Supper, or the Eucharist, in the English Church, corresponds.

Tithes. "The tenth part of the profits of lands, the stock upon lands, and the personal industry of the inhabitants," paid over for the maintenance of the clergy and for other Church purposes. Now, generally, a part of the rent.

7 **Turnspit**, one who turns the "spit"; a contrivance for roasting meat in front of the fire. It often means a person employed in menial occupation about the house.

Dry blows, hard knocks.

Inundation, the overflowing of the rivers.

Black blight, a disease in plants which blasts or withers them, and therefore makes them unfruitful. It often appears as black spots upon the leaves, and especially upon the ears of corn causing them to die before they become ripe.

Maledictions, curses; ill-wishes.

8 **Warranted a supposition**, led one to think or suppose.

A refractory fire, a fire which would not burn, and therefore required blowing.

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8 **Moustaches**, the hair growing upon the upper lip of a man.

Conical, like a cone or a sugar-loaf.

Doublet, a kind of jacket.

Swallow-tail, a gentleman's dress-coat, cut short at the front but with long tails behind.

Paralysed, so bewildered and astonished that he could do nothing.

10 **Concerto**, a piece of music for one, or sometimes more, solo instruments with orchestra, and always consisting of three parts. Here the word means simply "a vigorous knocking."

Petulantly, in a peevish, cross, impatient, or irritated tone.

11 **Drily**, without showing any feeling; in a quiet manner.

12 **Exactitude**, being exactly in the right place.

Velocity, swiftness.

13 **Deprecatingly**, in a somewhat pleading and apologizing tone.

Interposed, placed between or thrust in.

15 **Incommode**, put to inconvenience.

16 **Ironically**, with sarcasm; mockingly; not meaning what he said.

Admonition, warning or advice.

17 **Momentous**, important, especially on account of what might follow after.

Adverse skies, want of suitable weather—rain and sun—to bring the crops to perfection.

Patrimony, estate or property inherited from a father or from one's ancestors.

Knave's trade, a trade which allows of cheating.

18 **Averred**, stated; said with emphasis.

Rhenish. Wine made in Rhineland.

Malicious, full of mischief or wickedness.

Disconsolately, sorrowfully, and without hope of improvement.

19 **Metallic**, ringing; like metal when struck.

Lala-lira-la. A chorus with no particular meaning.

Effervescent melody, a tune full of brightness and sparkle.

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20 **Pronunciative,** pronouncing words plainly; distinct.
Crucible, a vessel in which metals are melted.
A-kimbo, with hands on the hips, and elbows bent out.

21 **Slashed doublet,** a jacket with cuts in the arm or on parts of the body, through which the coloured lining underneath shows. It used to be a common way of ornamenting clothing.
Prismatic colours, colours like those of the rainbow.
Pertinaceous, obstinate and unyielding.
Intractable, unmanageable.
Proprietor, one who possesses something.
Dictum, statement; something said.

23 **Conclusively,** in a decided manner.
Question of peculiar delicacy, a question which might hurt the feelings of the Dwarf.
Auditor, listener.
Malice, ill-will and wicked feeling.
Enchantments, magic arts practised upon someone.
Holy water, water which has been blessed by the priest.

24 **Exit,** going out.
Credence, belief; trust.

25 **Abandoned,** very bad.
Vespers, evening prayers at church.
Crossing, making the sign of the Cross on.

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25 **Alpine staff,** a long, strong, pointed stick used when climbing mountains.

26 **Castellated,** like the towers of a castle.
Undulating, wavy.

27 **Incumbrance,** a burden which prevents easy movement. Generally written "encumbrance."
Indomitable, not to be tamed or subdued.
Avarice, great greediness; longing for money and riches.

28 **Spurned,** kicked away.

32 **Zenith.** That part of the sky straight above the head.
Spiry, forked; zig-zagged.

34 **Gentian,** a plant with a bell-shaped flower, of which there are very many species; they often grow on high mountain pastures and in meadows, which they cover with beautiful blue or yellow flowers. The root of some of these plants is used in medicine. There are several species found in our English fields, such as the Common Centaury, and the Yellow Wort.

36 **Symptoms,** signs.
Consternation, great surprise; fear and wonder.
Defiled, polluted; made unclean.

37 **Myrtle,** an evergreen shrub with beautiful and fragrant leaves.
Tendrils of vine, the slender shoots by which a vine clings when climbing.

MODERN PAINTERS

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88 **Turner.** Joseph Mallord William Turner (*born* 1775, *died* 1851), the most celebrated of English landscape painters. He was the son of a barber, and had only very little education; but he early showed a taste for drawing, and in 1789 became a student at the Royal Academy, in London, working for some time under Sir Joshua Reynolds, the greatest portrait painter of his day. He became exceptionally skilful in water-colours, and brought this branch of art to a high state of perfection. He saw more in Nature than any painter had ever seen before, and his imagination and skill gave his pictures an effect and beauty such as had never been attained by any other artist. His methods and works were, however, often adversely criticized, especially in his day, but, without being perfect, it is now realized that his pictures were the product of a great artist.

88 **Utopian.** Utopia was an imaginary island where everyone was perfect, and lived under a perfect form of laws and government; hence, Utopian means *ideal, fanciful;* believing in absolute *perfection* and *completeness.*

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39 **Parsimony,** niggardliness.

Iron cylinders. This refers to the rain coming down as water, and the water then being heated in boilers, and the steam, thus formed, being used in steam-engines to propel trains and ships, and work machinery.

40 **Paradisaical,** like Paradise; perfect.

Lassitude, weariness in body and mind.

41 **Dingle,** a little dell.

Cynosure, anything to which attention is strongly drawn; a centre of attraction.

Fribourg, a town in Switzerland, on the river Saane (a tributary of the Aar), 17 miles south-west of Berne.

Bernese Alps, a mountainous chain in the west of Switzerland. The "Oberland" is the district to the north of this chain. The name means "Highlands."

Savoy, a mountainous province in the west of France, just south of L. Geneva. It contains Mont Blanc.

42 **Satiated.** To satiate is to satisfy the appetite, *i.e.* to fill completely and make unable to appreciate any more.

Diligence, a four-wheeled public conveyance; a kind of large cab.

43 **Scarped,** steep.

Arable, able to be ploughed or cultivated.

Swathe, a line of grass or grain, cut.

44 **Espaliered.** An espalier is a railing or trellis upon which fruit-trees are trained.

45 **Simmenthal,** an Alpine valley in the south-west of Switzerland, through which the Simme runs (*Thal*=valley).

Co-operation, working together.

46 **Consistence,** adhering together; being fixed.

Reciprocally, each doing the same thing for, or towards, the other.

Congealing, solidifying.

Porcelain, the finest kind of pottery.

Consummation, perfect end, or finished result.

47 **Shape of a star.** All snow-flakes are in the shape of a six-rayed star.

Political economy, the management of affairs so as to produce the most perfect result.

Competition, striving for the same object.

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47 **Sapphire, &c.** A *sapphire* is a precious stone of a *blue* colour. The same kind of crystal when *red* is called a *ruby*. An *opal* is a precious non-transparent stone which shows various colours according to the way the light falls upon it.

Dissension, disagreement.

Primal, first and chief.

Literal, exact; real.

48 **Equivocate,** to speak so that our words may be taken in different ways; often so as to deceive intentionally.

Degradation, lowering of one's standing or position.

Manual labour, labour with the hands, as opposed to mental labour.

Servile labour, the lowest kind of manual labour (as of slaves).

Extravagance, spending more than one can afford.

Bribery, giving (or taking) bribes to influence another in one's favour.

Countenanced by usage, favoured, or approved of, by being frequently done.

49 **Vicious habit,** a habit which is wicked or bad, and which does harm to oneself and others.

Chronic disease, a disease which is continuous, and lasting for a long time.

Heroic, resolute.

Atrides. According to Greek legend, Atrides was the name given to each of the two sons of Atreus (a king of Mycenæ), especially to Agamemnon, whose exploits are related by the old Greek poet, Homer, in a poem called *The Iliad*.

Ruskin is evidently quoting from memory, and makes a slight mistake here, for Homer applies the expression "white skin," to the great Greek hero, Ajax (*Iliad*, xi. 572). His meaning, however, is plain. He wishes to point out Agamemnon as a delicate and refined gentleman—one more gentle and of softer habits and feelings than the other Greeks, and this he expresses by "white skin."

50 **Pique,** anger or resentment.

Perceptions, feelings and knowledge of things.

Liable, having a tendency or inclination towards.

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50 **David,** King of Israel, son of Jesse (*see* I *Samuel*, chapter xvi, etc.).

Ruth, the Moabitess, the mother of Obed, whose son was Jesse. She was, therefore, the great-grandmother of David (*see Ruth* iv, 22; *St. Matthew* i, 5).

Judah, that is the tribe of Judah, one of the twelve tribes into which the children of Israel were divided. David was of this tribe.

Nathan, one of the prophets of Israel, who held a very important position in the reigns of king David and king Solomon. When David had done a very wrong action (by slaying Uriah and taking his wife from him), Nathan came to him, and under the parable of a "little ewe lamb," showed him how wicked he had been. (*Read* II *Samuel*, xii, 1–14.)

51 **Warped,** turned or directed from its natural course or inclination, thus causing the man to do things he would not do otherwise.

Fastidiousness, being especially careful over little things, or hard to please.

Ezzelin, a character in Lord Byron's *Lara*. Sir Ezzelin, a noble gentleman, recognized Count Lara at the table of Count Otho, and charged him with being Conrad the Corsair. A duel was arranged, and Ezzelin was never heard of more.

Lucrece, the French spelling of the Italian name *Lucrezia di Borgia*, *i.e.* Lucrezia Borgia, Duchess of Ferrara. She was a noble lady of great beauty and ability, but was long thought to be guilty of some of the grossest crimes. *Born* 1480, *died* 1519.

Reserve, not showing one's feelings; restraint.

Characteristic of, a special mark of, or a distinction of.

52 **Inconsistent with,** does not agree with, or is contrary to.

Mistimed expression, an inopportune saying; something said which would have been better unsaid, or said in another manner, and at another time.

Assumption, taking upon oneself.

53 **Inherent,** naturally existing.

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53 **"Queen for a Day."** This is a very amusing little play written by Augustin Eugène Scribe, a noted French dramatist (*born* 1791, *died* 1861).

Hypocrisy, pretence; an intention to deceive.

Scrupulousness, careful attention to little points.

54 **Illiterateness,** ignorance. *Calabria* is a province of Spain. The Spaniards, and especially the Calabrians, were very ignorant as a people, and are still much behind those of other countries in education.

Blythe (or **blithe**). Gay; merry; cheerful.

But and ben. A Scotch term for a house of two rooms, consisting of a kitchen and parlour.

"Liked a Hawick gill." A measure of ale or spirits containing 1½ pints, that is, a double gill. The origin of this particular name is very doubtful.

Leugh, laughed.

Tappit hen. A pewter measure for holding liquids, about 3 quarts.

This verse is taken from "A Collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs," collected by David Herd, and published in two volumes in 1776. The title of the poem is "Andro and his Cutty Gun." The Scottish poet, Robert Burns, made use of the same poem, using the first two lines as a part of the chorus of a song called "Blythe was She."

Chumleypiece. Mrs. Sarah Gamp was a vulgar monthly nurse; a character in Charles Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

Disposed means "disposed."

Dissipation, excessive indulgence in eating, drinking, etc.

55 **Emaciation,** extreme thinness.

Don Quixote is the hero of a romance by Cervantes, a great Spanish writer, in which he makes fun of the Knights of the Middle Ages.

Black Dwarf, the hero of Sir Walter Scott's novel of this name. According to tradition, the Black Dwarf was a fairy of a most malignant character, and was looked upon by the Dalesmen of the

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Scottish Border, as the author of all the mischief that befell their flocks and herds.

55 **Falstaff,** a character in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor,* who was exceedingly stout.

Uriah Heap, a character in Charles Dickens's *David Copperfield,* noted for his pretended humility.

Quilp, a hideous dwarf, full of ferocity and cunning, a character in Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop.*

Chadband, a clerical character in Dickens's *Bleak House,* a type of hypocritical piety.

Degeneracy, growing weaker or poorer, or declining in good qualities.

Unracing, losing the distinctive good qualities of a race or people.

Essential, having this as a necessary, distinguishing, or inseparable quality.

56 **"Low Life,"** a noted picture of a disreputable-looking dog, painted by Sir Edwin Landseer (1802–1873).

Noah Claypole, a character in Charles Dickens's *Oliver Twist.* George Cruickshank drew the pictures for this book, and his drawing of this character is a fine and vigorous one.

Ruse-de-guerre, a stratagem used in war.

Christian chivalry. In the Middle Ages *chivalry* taught Knights to be of a high moral character, and to do right things because it was right to do them. True Christianity teaches the same.

Equivocation, using words in a different meaning from that intended, for the purpose of misleading.

57 **Significance,** meaning.

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57 **Trenchant,** speaking the truth with great force.

Blackest of lies. The line is from "The Grandmother," stanza 8.

Dintless, so hard that no marks can be made on it.

Rubied, red, like rubies.

Porphyry, a rock full of crystals, which are often red or purple in colour.

Traceries, ornamentation made by lines.

Arborescent, ornamented with lines like the branches and twigs of a tree.

Traverses, lines crossing over from one side to another.

Chaplet, a wreath of flowers for the head.

58 **Blanch,** become white.

Tapestries, the beautiful colouring and ornamentation of the hills by vegetation, as though woven and embroidered, as tapestries are.

Iris-dyed, dyed many colours like the rainbow.

59 **Redundant,** superfluous; more than necessary.

Sinews of tradition. Sinews refer to the strength of the muscles of the body. Hence, "sinews of tradition" are those strong traditions which have come down to us from days long ago.

Millennial, pertaining to the "millennium," or the thousand years mentioned in the 20th chapter of *Revelations.*

Mechanic servitudes, doing the work set before one in a mechanical manner, and without any love for it.

Their offspring with them. *See Isaiah* lxv. 22–23.

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE

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60 **Deceit absolute,** deceitful words or actions considered apart from the things they are connected with.

Deceit malicious, wilful and wicked lies or actions intended to do harm.

Calumny, evil speaking against others.

Detraction, words spoken against some one.

Amiable fallacy, a mis-statement respecting a person's character or opinions, said apparently without evil intention.

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60 **Provident lie,** one told that it may have effect in the future.

Politician, one who busies himself with politics or matters connected with the government of a country, town, or district.

Zealous lie, one told (probably unintentionally) through earnestness in any cause.

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60 **Partisan,** one strongly devoted to a party, or a sect, or a cause.

Moralists, those who teach or practise morals, showing how one should act towards one's neighbours.

Nice, careful; particular; fine-drawn.

Culpability, liability to blame.

61 **Scrupulous,** very careful.

Meritorious, worthy of praise, merit, or reward.

Semblances, appearances.

62 **Strenuously,** with all the heart and soul: with zeal.

Immortality, future life beyond the grave.

Mechanism, acting like a machine.

63 **Ain,** a river in eastern France, about 100 miles long, which joins the Rhône 17 miles east of Lyons. Rising in the Jura Mountains in the north-east of France, it runs through a very narrow valley.

Champagnole, a small town in the centre of the Jura Mountains.

Jura, a mountainous ridge in the north-east of France. Pine forests are a distinctive feature of the whole district.

Concord, agreement.

Piny, covered with pine trees.

Symphonies, a symphony means a harmony of sweet sounds agreeable to the ear. Here the word means "scenery pleasing to the eye."

Defiled, muddy, dirt-like. Many mountain streams become defiled with the clayey, sandy matter they wash away in their course.

Wood anemone. Anemones are plants of the ranunculus or crow-foot family. Sometimes called the "wind flower," because it was supposed to open when the wind was blowing.

Nebulæ, clusters. In the sky, a misty, cloud-like collection of stars receives the Latin name *nebula* (in plural *nebulæ*).

Oxalis. The *wood-sorrel;* one of a species of plants, mostly herbs. The leaves have an acid-tasting juice, and the plant bears white flowers. It is very common.

Virginal processions, processions of young maidens.

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63 **Mois de Marie.** French=the month of Mary. Amongst the Roman Catholics there are special religious services for every day of the month of May, which month is known as "Mary's Month" in honour of the Virgin Mary, the mother of Jesus. In connection with these services are processions of maidens, dressed in white, passing through the streets to the churches.

64 **Vetch,** the name for a large number of plants of the "pea family," many of which are valuable for fodder.

Comfrey, a rough hairy plant, of which there are many species. From the roots of the *Common Comfrey* a useful cough-medicine is made.

Mezereon, a low shrub, with small branches and fragrant purplish-lilac flowers. It is one of the *Spurge laurels.* The bark is sometimes used in medicine.

Polygala Alpina. This is one of the Milkworts, and is a very common plant among the Alpine mountains. There are several species in Gt. Britain, the *Common Milkwort,* with its blue flowers, being very familiar.

Fathom, six feet.

Foam globes, bubbles on the surface of the water.

Aboriginal, of earliest times.

65 **Joux,** a strong fortress near Pontarlier, on the river Doubs, a tributary of the Rhône. Mirabeau was imprisoned here in 1775, and Toussaint-Louverture died here in 1803.

Granson, a village on the western side of the Lake of Neuchâtel, 20 miles north of Lausanne. The name is sometimes spelt Grandson.

Sanctity, a feeling of peace, happiness and purity.

Tenement, dwelling-place.

Monument, something erected to preserve the remembrance of a person (as a tombstone, etc.).

66 **Dissolution,** destruction; disappearance.

Concretions, a "concretion" is a uniting together of separate particles or pieces. Hence it here means "a building."

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66 **Mildewed forwardness.** "Forwardness" means rapidness, quickness, and "mildewed" refers to the dampness of a building when newly erected.

Kneaded fields, fields cut up by building operations, as a batch of kneaded dough is cut up to be made into loaves.

Formalized minuteness. This refers to rows of newly-built houses, all of one form and shape, even in the smallest particular.

Desecrated, spoilt; put to an unworthy use.

Cankered, eaten into as by a canker; diseased; not healthy.

Sphere, position in life.

Habitual scorn, regularly and continually despised.

67 **Stability,** strength; firmness; durability.

Posterity, those people who live in days after our own.

Contemporary, living in the same time as ourselves.

Efficiently, properly; completely.

Sustained, carried out properly.

Entail, a possession belonging to ourselves and our descendants.

68 **Voicefulness,** the power of ability to represent to us as though by the speaking voice.

Transitional, passing away quickly.

Dynasties, successions of sovereigns of the same family.

69 **Insuperable,** unchangeable.

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69 **Polity,** the government and organization of a nation.

Phantom, something which has only an apparent existence.

70 **Semblance,** appearance.

Noblest poems, Coleridge's "Ode to France" (*see page* 71).

Imagery, vivid description or presentation of ideas.

Interpretation, explanation.

Invocation, a calling upon.

Subjection, a state of being subject to, or under the control of, another.

Passions, the feeling of the mind.

Intellect, the powers of thought and reasoning.

Will, that faculty or power of the mind which decides us to do, or not to do, a thing.

Veneration, a feeling of honour, reverence, and esteem.

Liturgy, a general name for any form of service in Church. The part of the Service here referred to is "The Second Collect, for Peace," read at Morning Prayer. The "Service" is serving God.

Rapine, plundering; seizing and carrying off by force.

Anarchy, an absence of all rule and government.

Malignant, the evilly disposed; those having evil intentions.

71 **Subjugation,** the state of being subdued, or being brought under government.

SESAME AND LILIES

PAGE

72 **Sesame.** "Open Sesame!" was the phrase by which Ali Baba (in *The Arabian Nights*), gained admission to the cave of rich jewels. Here "Sesame" refers to the treasures to be found in libraries, to which a good education is a means of entrance. The "Lily" is the emblem of purity and truth, and here stands for the pure and useful life which a good woman should lead. Hence, the name "Sesame and Lilies" gives the general idea of a cultivated mind and a good life spent in work and self-sacrifice.

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72 **Species.** A species is a group of things, the members of which differ only in minor details.

Usurp, take the place of.

73 **Essentially not,** not by any means.

74 **Inspiration,** that influence on the mind which enables men to make or do good work of any kind.

Scripture, a thing written (from Latin *scribo*, I write).

Entrée, entrance.

75 **Aristocracy** here means superiority over others.

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75 **Elysian.** Among the ancient Greeks, the *Elysian Fields* were the abode of the blessed after death. The "Elysian Gates," therefore, refer to the pleasure and happiness to be derived from entering, as it were, into the land of books.

Portière. A *portière* is a curtain over a doorway. Here, it means an "entrance."

Faubourg St. Germain. This is a noted part of Paris, where there are many fine houses inhabited by rich people. There is little traffic along the streets.

76 **Reticence,** reserve; hiding one's feelings from others.

78 **False Latin quantity,** an incorrect Latin pronunciation.

Chameleon cloaks. The chameleon lizard is famous for changing its colour; hence, a word whose meaning is changeable.

Salutary effect, producing a good wholesome effect.

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79 **Contumely,** contempt and rudeness.

81 **Pestilent brakes,** anything destructive to wholesome growth.

Fallow ground, land left unused for a long time and not ploughed up.

Incapacity of thought, the lack of power of mind; not fully realizing the true values.

82 **Incapable of discerning,** not able to judge or decide the cause.

Scorpion whips, mentioned in the Bible as a scourge; a whip with points like a scorpion's tail.

With impunity, to do a thing recklessly or without thought of the consequences

Expenditure on luxurious eating, spending money freely on eatables that are luxuries.

Inexhaustibly, never to be exhausted or used up.

83 **Multipliable barley-loaves,** here means the countless volumes of books that may be multiplied over and over again.

REMEMBRANCE

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85 **Cadence,** the rising and falling of the sound as it reaches the ear from a distance.

Mimic, imitate.

Quenched, is still; comes to an end.

Adèle, one of the French forms of Adelaide. She was one of his early friends, and died young.

Roll red. The planet Mars shines with a red light, which is said to symbolize eagerness and warm-heartedness.

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85 **When morning bedews.** When the light rays of the sun in the early morning shine upon and cover everything just as the dew of night covers everything.

Bow, the rainbow.

Remaineth for me. Ruskin wrote this poem when he was 18. It is much in the style of several by Sir W. Scott and Lord Byron, both of whom were very popular poets in Ruskin's young days.

THE OLD WATER-WHEEL

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86 **Marge,** margin.

Barge, boat.

Yeasty filth, the scum on the water.

Stagnate, gather (referring to the "yeasty filth").

Batten, grow course.

Orbèd motion. "Orbèd" refers to the turning round of the wheel.

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86 **Lichens,** a kind of moss.

Avow, declare; tell.

Silent now. This poem was written in 1840, when Ruskin was only 21 years old. For so young a man it is a very fine production. Ruskin was not a great poet, but he wrote above fifty poems, of which a few are worth preserving.

EDITOR'S NOTE

John Ruskin was born in London on the 8th February, 1819, and died at his residence, "Brantwood," on the shores of Coniston Lake, North Lancashire, on the 20th January, 1900.

His father, John James Ruskin, was an Edinburgh man settled in London, and a prosperous wine merchant; he amassed a large fortune, which he left, on his death in 1864, to his only son.

Ruskin was always a weakly child, and on that account he spent much of his time in travelling. He was educated partly at home, partly at a private school, then at King's College, London, and afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford. He studied drawing and painting with much success, and became, in due time, one of the most eloquent, learned, and original writers upon Art, and one of the greatest moral and social reformers of this or any age. He tells the story of the early years of his life in *Præterita*, a most interesting biography.

But John Ruskin did not merely preach righteousness, moral rectitude, and the duty we owe to others, for nearly the whole of his immense fortune of £200,000 was gradually spent in accordance with his teaching—private acts of charity; philanthropic work of many kinds; munificent gifts to his University to help to carry on the teaching there; and noble contributions to the Art Treasures of the Nation.

Ruskin's first important book was *Modern Painters* (*see pages* 38 to 59); this was followed by *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (*see pages* 59 to 71), and *The Stones of Venice*. The *Seven Lamps* are:—"The Lamp of Sacrifice"; "The Lamp of Truth"; "The Lamp of Power"; "The Lamp of Beauty"; "The Lamp of Life"; "The Lamp of Memory"; and "The Lamp of Obedience." In *Sesame and Lilies* (*see pages* 72 to 84), Ruskin pleaded for a better and more intellectual education for girls.

The King of the Golden River (*see pages* 5 to 38) was written in 1841, but was not published until 1851. It was written for one of his little friends—Effie Gray—for her birthday. Ruskin offered either to give her a present of some ornament, or to write her a fairy-tale; she chose the latter, and he wrote the *Golden River* for her. It is a charming tale, and, like all Ruskin's writings, contains moral teaching of the highest character, for it shows that greed of gold brings its own punishment, and self-sacrificing goodness its own reward.

It is impossible to mention all John Ruskin's writings and the means which he took to give practical effect to his teaching. In 1871 he founded the "Guild of St. George," and to it he devoted one-seventh of his great wealth. Its aims are to encourage all, whether rich or poor, to live a simple life, to labour honestly, especially at handicraft work, to cultivate all land capable of cultivation in the best possible manner, and to bring judgment and skill to bear in the management of property; in other words, to bring happiness out of honest thought and act, for "the highest wisdom and the highest treasure need not be costly nor exclusive." The revival of many home-crafts in different parts of the country has been the result of the interest awakened in the Members of the Guild, and the St. George's Museum, at Sheffield, is one outcome of Ruskin's generosity.

Ruskin was buried (by his own desire) in the little churchyard at Coniston, and a tablet, with his portrait in relief, is placed in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, London.

QUESTIONS

1 Read the description of Treasure Valley at the beginning of this book; then describe the most beautiful piece of scenery you have seen.

2 In order to make description more vivid, authors frequently compare one object with another, e.g. "The waves shook their crests like tongues of fire." This is a figure of speech known as a simile. "The Golden River" contains several; write down three or four.

3 Make a list of the writings of John Ruskin contained in this book, adding brief notes on the subject matter of each.

4 John Ruskin's aim was to teach people, through his writings, how to make the world a better place. What was the chief lesson he intended his readers to learn from the story of "The Golden River"?

5 Describe the appearance of South-West Wind, Esq., and show its appropriateness.

6 The following words, spoken by the dwarf Gluck, express a great moral truth:—"The water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven." Explain what this means.

7 In his book entitled "Modern Painters" Ruskin says, "A lie may be told by silence." Make up a story showing the truth of this.

8 Ruskin tells us that obedience to certain laws is necessary that all may have *perfect* freedom. Suppose that all rules had been cancelled in your school for one day, and write an account of what happened.

9 Describe the tools and fire which Ruskin says are necessary to understand a good author's meaning.

10 In his lecture on "Books" Ruskin says, "Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings?" Write an essay on this subject.

11 Explain the meaning of this extract from the lecture on "Books," and say whether you agree: "Wise men always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward."

12 "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." If we adopted this motto as a guiding principle, what difference would it make (*a*) to our daily work, and (*b*) to our pleasures?

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